

The Praise, of 8.  
Cleane *Linnen.*

With  
The Commendable vse of  
the *Laundresse.*

By *John Taylor.*

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LONDON

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1624.

10 April 1917

Dear Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2nd inst.

in relation to the above matter.

The same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Yours truly,

Wm. H. ...



Very truly,  
Yours,

Wm. H. ...

...

*The Epistle dedicatorie.*

To the most Mundifying,  
Clarifying, Purifying, and Repurifying,  
Cleanſer, Clearer, and Reformer of De-  
formed and polluted Linnen, *Martha Legge*  
Eſquireſſe, transparent, vnſpotted, Snow-Lilly-  
white Laundreſſe to the Right worſhipfull and  
generous the *Innes of Court*, of the middle Temple,  
with diuers others in the rancke of Nobilitie, Gen-  
tilitie, and tranquillitie, your poore and vnknowne  
Poeticall Oratour *John Taylor*, in humilitie and  
ſeruitie, craues your Patronages abilitie,  
in defence of his imbecilitie.

**M**ost cleanly and profeſt *An-*  
*tagonist* to vermine, dirte, and  
filth, as *Dragmatuſ* the Dia-  
gorian Stigmatiſt very wor-  
thily wrot in his treatiſe of the  
antiquity of Shapparoones and careleſſe  
Bands; *Ruſſtoꝝ ton tumeron ſmolenco*  
*whiſb wberlibumque*. Which is in Engliſh,  
That to conſerue and keepe cleane, is as  
much or more then to make cleane: and  
I knowing by long experience that your

A 3

paines

## The Epistle dedicatorie.

paines and industrie, not onely makes our polluted Linnen cleane, but also to conserue and preserue it in that neatnesse and purity as is correspondent for our health and wholesomenesse: vpon these gratefull considerations, I haue presumed to consecrate these vnpollish'd lines to your vnspotted Cleanelynesse, Not doubting but the lathering luddes of your Lennity, will wash away all such faults as are not herein committed through want of ignorance: and with the white Starch of your firme constancie, you will stiffen the weakenesse of my feeble and limber labours, that it may bee able to stand like a stoute Mastiffe Dogge, against the opposition of all detracting Mungerels: I haue in this ensuing volume, set forth the praise and commendations of *Cleane Linnen*, with the honourable paines of the *Launderesse*: which word *Launderes* I finde to bee both unfitting and derogatory to your comly, commendable, laudable, neat, sweete and seemely calling: for the Annagram of  
*Launderes*



*The Epistle dedicatorie.*

*Laundres* is SLAYNDER, which name or Epethite is halfe a flawnder to your function: for to be a *Laundres*, imports onely to wash or dresse Lawne, which is as much impeachment as to call a Iustice of the peace a Beadle, a Dyer a Scaldragge, or a Fishmonger a Seller of Gubbins: No, my most laborious and purifying Patronesse, your glory shall no longer be Ecclipsed to be termed a bare *Laundres* or a dresser of Lawne, but a Hollandresse, Tiffanie-dresse, Lawndresse, Lockrumdresse, Dowlesdresse, Callicote and Canuas-dresse, which in the totall is a LINNENDRESSE, for you are the onely Linnen Armouresse, Cap a pea fro the declination of the Socke, to the exaltation of the Nightcap, and from the lofty quoyse, to the lowely and well beloued smocke-skirte: and herein I am stricke into admiration, at the vndaunted vallour, that champion-like doth accompany and constantly defend your chastity, For you dare in a morning to enter a Gentlemans chamber, to strippe him

*The Epistle dedicatorie,*

him out of his foule shirte in his bed, to  
haue him at your bare and naked mercy,  
and then like a vertuous victor, in pittie  
and commiseration, you put a cleane  
shirt on his backe, leauing him in a clea-  
rer and farre sweeter case then you found  
him; no doubt but such objects are pro-  
uocatory temptations to fraile flesh and  
blood: but as I said before, your courage  
and constancy alwayes brings you fairely  
off and on, though thousands weaker ves-  
sels of mortality would be crack'd in these  
vnbloody bickerings. As for your good  
Husband who is *Legge* by name, my poore  
muse makes a legge in courtesie to him &  
you both. Some Cobling Coxcombes in  
witte and iudgement, will reuene him a  
Cobler, whilst good manners entitles  
him a Translator. When I thinke vpon the  
sympathie & correspondency of both your  
qualities, I approue Fortune for a wise  
cunning woman, in clapping such a con-  
iunction together: for he is a mender, and  
you are a mundifier, or to speake truth  
you

*The Epistle dedicatorie.*

you are both menders, and God knowes  
how many will be hangd before they will  
mend: your Arte is to keepe our bodyes  
sweete and cleane, and his Trade is to set  
our wicked and crooked soales right and  
vpright: he is a firme and stable man, and  
waxeth much oftner then he wanes; his  
worke is sildome aboue the legge, which  
shewes the true loue that he beares to his  
Name: and indeed Legges are of much  
more antiquity then Linnen, in regard  
whereof, Linnen being of the younger  
house, doth good seruice many times be-  
tweene the Legges, and you and your  
husband may by name and nature, very  
Poetically make an Hexameter: Legges  
are the supporters and porters that vp-  
holds and carries man, fowle, and beaste.  
A good Legge is a great grace if it be dis-  
creetly flex'd in the calfe, and not too  
much iindled in the small; but my noble  
Translator, knowes that a Boote is an ar-  
mour for good Legge, and a maske or  
visor for bad: to which acknowledge-  
ment



### *The Epistle dedicatorie.*

ment many a Gentleman vs her will say  
*Probatum est*: of all parts of the Body the  
Legge beares the prick and praise. It is  
embrodered with veines, inlaid with Ar-  
teries, enchased with Nerues, interlac'd  
with Muscles, ennamel'd with Sinewes,  
interwouen with Membranes, intermixt  
with Ténons, embost with Ankles, hauing  
a Neate Foote for a *Man*, and five Toes for  
Pages to attend it. More for the honour  
of Legges; what is better meate then the  
Legges of Beise, Mutton, Lambe, Porke,  
Capon, Turkey, Goose or Woodcocke?  
Nay, there is such vertue in them, that any  
reasonable Cooke with a Stooles Legge  
(& something else) wil make good broath.  
To finish my prolixious short brice, and  
tedious dedication, I wish that you and  
your Husband in coniugall combination,  
in the way of Procreation, may mul-  
tiple and make Legges, whia is a  
part of good Manners and Cortesie,  
whereof these vnmanly times ialmost  
barren. Thus referring my use and  
my



*The Epistle dedicatorie.*

my labours to be accepted and censured  
according to the purity and integrity of  
both your reforming functions, with my  
prayers for the cleane amendment of all  
foulers of *Linnen*, and the reforming of  
all bad Legges for the better supportation  
of Washers, Starchers and Translators:

I remaine,

*He whose sinfull skin lyes humbly at  
the mercy of your washing Bowle,*

JOHN TAYLOR.





### *The Praise of Cleane Linnen.*

**M**Y Muse no tydings brings from *Prester John*  
Nor from the *Frigide* or the *Torrid Zone* :  
She hath not search'd *Americas* vast bounds,  
Nor forag'd ouer *Africks* scorched grounds;  
For this here vnder *Writ* I traueled not  
Vnto the *Welch*, the *Irish*, or the *Scot* :  
To *Towne* nor *Citie* did I make repaire,  
Nor did I buy in *Market* or in *Faire*  
This *Linnen Treasure*; but in *Bed* alone,  
Where (*Cares* except) *Bedfellowe* had I none.  
My drowsie Muse awak'd, & straight she meetes  
This welbeloued subject, 'twixt the sheets.  
Yet, though not farre my muse for it did roame,  
I did accept it when she brought it home.  
And taking *Pen* in hand, I gan to write  
What you may read, and reading take delight.  
And O sweete *Linnen*, humbly I implore  
(Though of thee I haue so abundant store)  
Yet, for I am thy seruant at this time,  
And with my Muse attend thee with my Rime,

## *The Praise of Cleane Linnen.*

Assist thy Poet, neuer let him lacke  
A comely cleanly Shirt vnto his backe.  
Cleane Linnen, is my Mistris, and my Theame  
Flowes, like an ouer-flowing plenteous streame,  
But first I will discouer what I meane  
By this same seemly word, which men call *Cleane*:  
As *Titans* light's offenciue to the *Owle*,  
So *Cleane* is opposite to what is *foule*:  
Yet (in the Ayre) some flying Fowle there are,  
Which tane, & cleanly drest, are Fowle cleane fare,  
But fowly drest, when it is fairely tooke:  
Foule is that *Fowle*, a foule ill take that Cooke.  
But to the worde cald *Cleane*, it is allotted,  
The admirable Epithite *Unspotted*,  
From whence all soylde pollution is exiled,  
And therefore *Cleane* is called *undefiled*:  
'Tis faire, 'tis clarified, 'tis mundifide,  
And from impuritye is purifide.  
But to be truly *Cleane* is such a state  
As gaines the Noble Name immaculate:  
And I wish all mankind the grace might win  
To be (as here I meane) all *Cleane* within.  
As 'tis no grace a man a man to bee,  
If outward forme want inward honesty:  
So Linnen if with (*Cleane*) it be not grac'd,  
Tis noysome, loathsome, and it giues distaste.  
As *Virtue* man or woman doth adorne,  
So (*Cleane*) is Linnens vertue; and is wome

For



## *The Praise of Cleane Linnen.*

For pleasure, proffit, and for ornament,  
Throughout the Worlds most spacious continent.  
Much more of this word (*Cleane*) might here be  
But tediousnesse is enemy to wit, (writ,  
*Cleane Linnen* now my verse descends to thee,  
Thou that preordinated wert to be  
Our Corps first Couer, at our naked Birth :  
And our last Garment when we turne to Earth,  
So that all men *Cleane Linnen* should espie,  
As a memento of mortallitie:  
And that a Sheet vnto the greatest Scate,  
Is th' *Alpha* and *Omega* of his Fate.  
As at our Births *Cleane Linnen* doth attend vs ;  
So doth it all our whole liues Race befriend vs,  
Abroade, at home, in Church or common-wealth ;  
At bed, or Boord, in sicknesse and in health.  
It figures forth the Churches puritie,  
And Spotelesse Doctrine, and integritie :  
Her Scate Angellicall, white innocence ;  
Her Nursing loue, and bright magnificence.  
Yet some for linnen doe the Church forsake,  
And doe a Surplice for a Bug-beare take.  
But alwaies to the Church I bring mine cares,  
Not eyes, to note what Robes Churchmen weares.  
Now from the Church, let vs returne but home,  
And there the Cloth is laid against you come,  
Though raging hunger make the Stomack wroath  
Is halfe aswaged by laying of the Cloath.

For

## *The Praise of Cleane Linnen.*

For in the warres of eating, 'tis the use  
A Table of cloth is hungers flage of Truce:  
Whilst in the fight the Napkins are your friends  
And waite vpon you, at your fingers endes.  
Yout Dinner and your Supper ouer-past  
By *Linnen* in your beds, you are embrac'd,  
Then, twixt the sheetes refreshing rest you take,  
And turne from side to side, and sleepe, and wake:  
And sure the sheetes in euery Christian Nation  
Are walles or limites of our generation,  
For where desire, and loue, combined meetes  
Then ther's braue doings twixt a paire of sheetes:  
But where a Harlots lust doth entertaine,  
There one sheetes pennance, bides the shames of  
To all degrees my counsaile here is such (twaine)  
That of the *Lower sheete*, take not too much.  
As from our beds we ofte doe cast our eyes,  
*Cleane Linnen* yields a shirt before we rise,  
Which is a garment *Shifting* in condition  
And in the Canting tongue is a *Commission*:  
In weale or woe, in joy or dangerous drifts  
A *shirt* will put a man vnto his *shifts*.  
For vnto it belongs this fatall lot  
It makes him *shift* that hath or hath it not.  
The man that hath a *shirt* doth *shift* and chaunge  
And he that hath no *shirt* doth *shift* and raunge,  
So the conclusion of this pointe must fall,  
He *shifteth* most that doth not *shift* at all.

Beside

## The praise of Cleane Linnen.

Besides, a *shirt*, most magically can  
Tell if it's owner be an honest man:  
The washing will his honesty bewraye,  
For, *the lesse soape will wash his shirt* they saye,  
Most men, *Cleane shirts* at such esteeme do prise  
That the poor'st theefe who at the gallows dyes  
If but his *shirt* is *Cleane*, his mind is eas'd,  
He hangs the handsomer, and better pleas'd.  
Next at the *smocke* I needes must have a flirte  
(which is indeede the sister to a *shirt*)  
'Tis many a females Linnen tenement,  
Whilst twixt the quarters she receaue her rent.  
A *smock's* her store-house, or her ware-house ra-  
where she her comings in doth take & gather. (ther  
Hir gaines by it are more then can be told,  
'Tis her reuenuue, and her copping-hold,  
Her owne fee simple, she alone hath power  
To let and set at pleasure euery hower.  
'Tis a commodity that giues no day,  
'Tis taken vp, and yet yeelds ready paye,  
But for most other wares, a man shall be  
Allow'd for payment dayes three months & three.  
Yet hath a *smocke* this great preheminance  
(Where honour's mix'd with modest Innocence)  
It is the Robe of maryed chastitie,  
The vaile of Heauen-belou'd Virginitie,  
The chaste concealemēt of those fruits close hidden  
Which to vnchaste affections are forbidden,



## The Praise of Cleane Linnen.

It is the Casket or the Cabinet  
where *Nature* hath her chiefest Jewels set :  
For what so ere men toyle for, farre and nere  
By sea or land , with danger, cost, and feare,  
Warres wrinkled brow, & the smooth face of peace  
Are both to serue the *Smocke*, and its encrease.  
The greatest Kings, and wisest Countellours,  
Stout Souldiers , and most sage Philosophers :  
The welthiest Merchants, and Artificers,  
Pleibeiains, and Plough-toyling labourers,  
All these degrees, & more haue woo'd and praide,  
And alwayes to the *Smocke* their tributes paide.  
Besides, 'tis taken for a fauour great,  
( When one his mistris kindly doth entreate )  
He holds these words as Jewels dropt from him,  
*You first shall doe as doth my Smocke sweete Sir.*  
This Theame of *Smocke* is very large and wide,  
And might (in Verse) be further amplified:  
But I thinke best a speedy end to make  
Least for a *Smel-smocke* some should me mistake,  
I first began it with a *flirt* or *floute*  
And ending, with a *mocke*, I will goe out.  
The Anagram of *S M O C K E* I finde is *M O C K E S*,  
And I conclude a pox of all strait *Smockes*.  
Now vp aloft I mount vnto the Ruffe,  
Which into foolish mortals pride doth puffe :  
Yet Ruffes antiquity is here but small,  
Within this eightie yeares , not one at all,

For



## *The praise of Cleane Linnen.*

For the eighth *Henry*, (as I vnderstand)  
Was the first King that euer wore a Band,  
And but a falling Band, plaine with a hem,  
All other people knew no vse of them,  
Yet Imitation in small time began  
To growe, that it the Kingdome ouer-ran:  
The little Falling-bands encreas'd to *Ruffes*,  
*Ruffes* (growing great) were waited on by *Cuffes*,  
And though our frailties should awake our care,  
We make our *Ruffes* as careles as we are:  
Our *Ruffes* vnto our faults compare I may,  
Both careles, and growne greater euery day.  
A *Spaniards Ruffe* in follio, large and wide,  
Is th'abstract of Ambitions boundles pride:  
For roundnes 'tis the Embleme, as you see  
Of the terrestriall Globes rotunditie,  
And all the world is like a *Ruffe* to *Spaine*,  
Which doth encircle his aspiring braine,  
And his vnbounded pride doth still persist,  
To haue it set, and poaked as he list.  
The sets to Organ-pipes, compare I can  
Because they doe offend the Puritan,  
Whose zeale doth call it superstition  
And Badges of the Beast of *Babylon*.  
*Ruffes* onely at the first were in request  
With such as of abilitie were best:  
But now the plaine, the stich'd, the lac'd, & shagge,  
Are at all prizes worn by tagge, and Ragge.

## *The Praise of Cleane Linnen.*

So Spain (who all the world would weare) shal see  
Like *Ruffes*, the world from him shall scatred bee.  
As for the *Cuffe* 'tis pretily encreac'd  
( Since it began two hand-fuls at the least )  
At first 'twas but a girdle for the wrist  
Or a small circle to enclose the fist,  
Which hath by little and by little crept,  
And from the wrist vnto the elbowe leap't,  
Which doth resemble sawcy persons well:  
For giue a *Knaue* an inch, heele take an ell.  
*Ruffes* are to *Cuffes*, as 'twere the breeding mothers  
And *Cuffes* are twinnes in pride, or two prowd bro-  
So to conclude, *Pride* weares them for abuse (thers,  
*Humilitie*, for ornament and vse,  
A *Night-cap* is a garment of high state,  
which in *captiuitie* doth *captinate*  
The braine, the Reason, wit, and sence and all;  
And euery *night* doth beare sway capitall.  
And as the horne aboue the head is worne,  
So is the *Night-cap* worne aboue the horne,  
And is a *Sconce* or *Blocke-house* for the head,  
wherein much matter is considered,  
And therefore (when too much we sucke the tap)  
'Tis truely called a confiding *Cap*.  
By day it waytes on Agues, Plurisies,  
Consumptions and all other malladies,  
A day worne *Night-cap*, in our Common-wealth  
Doth shewe the wearer is not well in health,

Yet

## *The Praise of Cleane Linnen.*

Yet some mens folly makes my muse to smile  
When for a kib'd heele, broken shin, or bile,  
Scab'd hams, cut fingers, or a little scarr,  
A Groyne Bumpe, or a Goose from *Winchester*,  
When I see *Night-caps* worne for these poore vses  
It makes my worship laugh at their abuses.  
Thus is a *Night-cap* most officious,  
A *Captaine*, *Captious*, and *Capritious*,  
And though vnmarried young men may forbear it  
Yet age, and wedlocke makes a man to weare it.  
A *Handkercheife* may well be cald in breife  
Both a perpetuall leacher, and a theefe,  
About the lippes it's kissing, good and ill  
Or else 'tis diuing in the pocket still,  
As farre as from the pocket to the mouth  
So is it's pilgrimage with age or youth.  
At Christning-banquets and at funerals  
At weddings ( *Comfite-makers festiualls* )  
A *Handkercheife* doth filch most manifold,  
And sharke and steale as much as it can hold.  
'Tis soft, and gentle, yet this I admire at  
At sweete meates 'tis a tyrant, and a pyrat.  
Moreouer 'tis a *Handkercheifes* high place  
To be a Scauenger vnto the face,  
To clense it cleane from sweat and excrements,  
Which ( not auoyded ) were vsfauoury fents;  
And in our grieifes it is a trusty friend  
For in our sorrow it doth comfort lend:



## *The Praise of Cleane Linnen.*

It doth pertake our sighes, our plaintes & feares;  
Receaues our sobs, and wipes away our teares.  
Thus of our good and bad it beares a share  
A friend in mirth a comforter in care.  
Yet I haue often knowne vnto my cost  
A *Handkercheise* is quickly found, and lost.  
Like loue where true affection hath no ground,  
So is it slightly lost, and lightly found;  
But be it tentimes lost, this right Ile doe it,  
The fault is his or hers that should looke to it.  
Should I of euery sort of *Linnen* write  
That serues vs at our neede, both day and night,  
Dayes, months and yeares, I in this Theame might  
And in my life time scarcely make an end. (spend,  
Let it suffice that when 'tis fretted out  
And that a cloth is worne into a clout,  
Which though it be but thin and poore in shape  
A Surgeon into list the same will scrape,  
Or rolles, or bolsters, or with plaster spreade,  
To dresse and cure, all hurts from heele to heade,  
For gangrenes, ylcers, or for wounds new hack'd  
For cuttes, & slashes, and for Coxcombes crack'd  
Thus many a Gallant that dares stab and swagger  
And gainst a Iustice lift his fist or dagger:  
And being mad perhaps, and hot pot-shot,  
A crazed Crowne or broaken-pate hath got;  
Then ouer him old *Linnen* domineeres,  
And (spight of s teeth) it cloutes him 'bout the eares

Thy



## *The Praise of Cleane Linnen.*

This new or old, it hath these good effects  
To cure our hurts, or couer our defects:  
And when it selfe's past helpe, with age & rending  
Quite past selfe mēding, 'tis our meanes of mēding.  
The flint & Steele will strike bright sparkling fire,  
But how can we haue fire at our desire,  
Except old *Linnen* be to tinder burnd,  
Which by the Steele and flint to fire is turnd?  
Thus all Cleane Linnen that a Laundresse washes,  
My Muse hath worn to clowtes, or turnd to ashes.  
And ther's the end on't. Now I must pursue  
(The old consumed) how to purchase newe.  
Now of the louely *Laundresse*, whose cleane trade  
Is th'onely cause that *Linnens* cleanelly made:  
Her liuing is on two extreames relying,  
She's euer wetting, or she's euer drying.  
As all men dye to liue, and liue to dye,  
So doth she dry to wash, and wash to drye.  
She runnes like *Luna* in her circled spheare,  
As a perpetuall motion she doth steare.  
Her course in compasse round and endlesse still,  
Much like a horse that labours in mill: (frame,  
To shew more plaine how shee her worke doth  
Our Linnen's foule ere she doth wash the same:  
From washing further in her course she marches,  
She wrings, she folds, she pleites, she smooths, she  
She stiffens, poakes, & sets & dry againe, (starches,  
And fold: thus end of paine begins her paine.

Round

## The praise of Cleane Linnen.

Round like a whirligigge or lenten Top  
Or a most plenteous spring, that still doth drop  
The Suddes vnto the Sea I may compare (are  
The Reake or smocke, the wind, the fishes Linnen  
The *Laundresse* fishes, foaming froth doth lighten,  
The whilst her tongue doth thunder & affrighten,  
The totall is a tempest full of chiding  
That no man in the house hath quiet byding,  
For *Laundresses* are testy and full of wroth,  
When they are lathering in their bumble broth,  
Nor can I blame the though they brawle & talke,  
Men there haue naught to do, they may go walke:  
Yet commonly their worke this profit brings  
The good-wife washeth, and her husband wrings.  
But though my yearse thus merrily doth straye,  
Yet giue the *Laundresse* still her due I praye:  
What were the painefull Spinner, or the Weauer  
But for hir labour, and her good endeaour,  
what were the function of the *Linnen* Draperye,  
Or Sempsters admirable skill in Naperye?  
They all might turne and wind, and liue by losse  
But that the *Laundresse* giues their worke a glosse,  
All *Linnen* that we vse to weare, 'tis plaine,  
The *Laundresse* labour giues it grace and gaine,  
Without her 'tis most loathsome in distaste  
And onely by her paines and toyle 'tis grac'd,  
She is the ornamentall Instrument  
That makes it tastefull to the sight and sent:

12

## *The Praise of Cleane Linnen.*

All you man-monsters, monstrous Linnen soilers,  
You shirt polluting tyrants, you sheetes spoilers,  
Robustious rude Ruffe rending *raggamentoyes*  
*Terratritorian tragma Troynouantoyes*  
Remember that your *Laundresse* paines is great,  
Whose labours onely keeps you sweet and neate:  
Consider this, that here is writ, or saide  
And paye her, (not as was the Sculler payde)  
Call not your *Laundresse* slut or slabb'ring queane,  
It is her slabb'ring that doth keepe thee cleane,  
Nor call her not *Drye-washer* in disgrace  
For feare she cast the suddes into thy face:  
By her thy Linnen's sweete and cleanly drest,  
Else thou would'st stink aboue ground like a beast.  
There is a bird which men *Kings fisher* call,  
Which in foule weather hath no ioy at all,  
Or scarce abroad into the ayre doth peepe  
But in her melancholy nest doth keepe:  
Till *Tytans* glory from the burnish'd East,  
Rich Bridegroome-like in gold and purple drest  
Guilds, and enamels mountaines, woods, & hilles,  
And the rotundious Globe with splendor filles,  
In these braue Buksome merry Halcion dayes,  
Thē this most bewteous bird her plumes displaies.  
So doth a *Laundresse*, when the Sun doth hide  
His head, when skies weep raine & thunder chide,  
When powting, lowring, flauering sleete & snowe,  
From foggy Austers blustering jawes doth blowe,  
Then



### *The praise of Cleane Linnen.*

Then she in moody melancholy sittes,  
And sighing, vents her grieve by girds and fittes :  
Her liquid *Linnen* piteous pickl'd lyes,  
For which she lowres & powtes as doth the skies.  
But when bright *Phæbus* makes *Aurora* blush  
And robes the welkin with a purple flush,  
When mourning cloudes haue wasted all their  
And welcome weather faire & dry appeares. (teares,  
Then to the hedge amaine the *Laundresse* ambles,  
In weeds of pennance clothing buyers & brambles,  
Like a Commaundresse, vñing martiall Lawes  
She strikes, she poakes & thrusts, she hags & draws  
She stiffens stifly, she both opes and shuttes,  
She sets, and out she puls, and in she puttes.  
Not caring much if wind blow low or hie,  
Whilst drunkards thirst for drink, she thirsts to dry,  
Thus having shew'd the *Laundresse* praise & paine,  
How end of worke begins her worke againe :  
I hope amongst them they will all conclude .  
Not to requite me with ingratitude :  
But as an Act theire friendly haue decreede,  
I nere shall want Cleane Linnen at my need.  
Whilst to their own contentments I comend them,  
And wish fire drying weather may attend them.  
If thankfully you take this worke of mine,  
Hereafter I will cause the *Muses* nine,  
To helpe me ad, to what seemes here diminish'd  
So *Vale Tote*, here my Booke is FINISH'D.



The Principall occasions  
why this merry Poeme  
was written.

**I**T was at that time that the  
worlds terrour, and warres  
Thunder-bolt *Allaricke* King  
of the *Gothes* wasted *Italy*, sack-  
ed *Rome*, and stooke all the Kingdomes  
of the earth into a Feuer tertian, when  
there was inhabiting in the Dukedome of  
*Tuscany* a valiant Captaine named *Caiso*,  
descended from the Royall house of *Fri-  
gus* the first King of the *Fridgians*. This  
*Caiso* being driuen to his shifts in these ro-  
bustuous bickerings of the *Gothes*, fled for  
safety to the Ile of *Sardinia*, where for his  
good parts and free behaviour, hee was  
entertained by the most bewtifull Madam  
*Meretrixia*, the delightfull daughter and  
sole heire of *Baloclitus* King of *Sardis*, yet  
although

although his place was chiefe Gentleman  
 of the *Bed-chamber*, his high pitcht reso-  
 lution was eleuated and erected, for tra-  
 uell and hotter seruices : So ( with much  
 grieffe to the Lady ) hee tooke his leaue,  
 and sayling through the *straits of Gibraltar*,  
 and the gulph of *Maäye Lane*, hee past the  
*Cape Bona Esperance*, as farre as *China*, where  
 he staid certaine dayes at *Japan* : then hee  
 determined to progresse it by land, and  
 passing by the great Citty of *Tarsus* in  
*Iannæa*, by long iourneys he came to *Gal-*  
*licia*, where nere the *Groyne* he was in hot  
 seruice, and came off somewhat scorch'd,  
 with fireworkes in a *mine* : passing from  
 thence he came into *France* where he was  
 well well-com'd at *Brest*, & at the Towne  
 of *Deiçe*, was made great prouision for his  
 comming ; but for some reasons he would  
 neuer come there : In brieffe after hee had  
 approu'd himselfe a hot, valiant and ad-  
 venturous Soldier abroad, and a peace-  
 maker at home, hee came into *Ireland*,  
 where at *Dubblin* he was strucke lame ; but  
 recouering

man recouering newe strength and courage, he  
 ship'd himselfe for *England*, landed at  
*West-Chester*, whence taking poste to-  
 wards *London* he lodg'd at *Hocley* in the  
 hole, in his way, at last being come to the  
 Citty, he made many merry and mad va-  
 geries betwixt *Turnebull-streete* and *Burnt-*  
*wood*, spending freely, and faring deli-  
 ciously; hauing a stiffe stomacke to digest  
 all dishes except *Winchester Geese*, and  
*Newmarket Turkies*: thus with much dan-  
 ger and difficulty hauing trauailed far-  
 ther then euer man sawe, and passed  
 his time with much loue amongst *Ladyes*  
 and *Gentlewomen*, hauing beene a great  
 withstander of many desperate opposi-  
 tions, and a rare Musitian for his long  
 practise in *Pricke-song*; He againe past the  
 Sea in a *Frigget* to *Constantinople*, where he  
 fell into a moody melancholy (like *Tymon*  
 of *Athenes*) and scorned to stand at any  
 time, although hee was charged in the  
 name of the *Granda Signior*. This Gallant  
 hauing beene all his time a great vsur-  
 wearer,

(4)

weater, and taker vp of Napery, did  
most bountifully bequeath to any Poet  
that would write a Poeme in the praise of  
*Cleane Linnen*, as many shirts of the purest  
*Holland* as might bee wash'd in *Hellicon*,  
and dryed on the two topt hill of *Parnas-*  
*sus*. To performe whose commaund, and  
receaue the bequeathed Legacie, I vnder-  
tooke this great taske, and perform'd it  
accordingly.

FINIS.

HE



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